

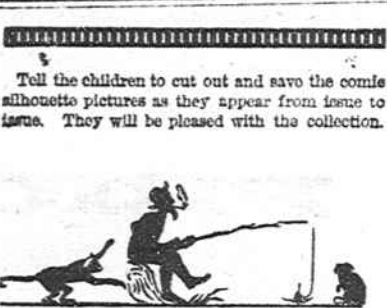
## The Newberry Herald.

A Family Companion, Devoted to Literature, Miscellany, News, Agriculture, Markets, &amp;c.

Vol. XX.

NEWBERRY, S. C., THURSDAY, JULY 17, 1884.

No. 26.

This space is owned by  
BLACKWELL'S BULL.

## Poetry.

## THE BEE.

Lantern of the golden belt!  
Errant knight in ladies' bower!  
I have caught thee fairly now,  
And within this lotus flower.

Ivory palace meet for thee,  
Boon companion of the light,  
Drowned in nectar thou shalt be,  
Tiny Clarence of delight!

Golden Youth, beware! beware!  
Touch not, taste not, lest ye die!  
From this wanderer of air  
Learn forbidden sweets to fly.

—Laura S. Wagner.

## Selected Story.

## ISABEL'S APPOINTMENT.

"Am I really going to have an office?" cried Isabel Dale gleefully. "Shall I earn money of my own? And all because I've learned to write a fat round hand like a man's and because our cousin, Major Eccleson, is acquainted with the Secretary of the Treasury?"

"Isabel, don't be so ridiculous," said Mrs. Dale, severely. "But, mamma," remonstrated Isabel, checking herself midway in a mad impromptu waltz that she was executing in the middle of the parlor floor, "it's such fun."

"Fun!" shrilly repeated Mrs. Dale, as she shook out the folds of her black-bordered handkerchief. "Upon my word, Isabel, you exceed everything! Do you consider it fun that we are reduced to a second rate boarding house like this? That I am actually compelled to send my gowns to be dyed, and to make over my own caps? That your poor, dear papa's investments have turned out a failure?"

"Mamma, I never meant that," said Isabel, with a sudden burst of penitence. "And you know I never could be so hard hearted. Only I was so glad that I could have a chance of earning money to help you."

Mrs. Dale sighed deeply, turned her eyes upward toward the ceiling and straightened out the streamers of her widow's cap.

"To think that it should come to this," she sighed; "that a daughter of Falconer Dale should be compelled, like a housemaid, to earn her own living! There must be something wrong, or such a thing could never have happened!"

And with this, Mrs. Dale dissolved into tears. In her superficial character, lay very near the surface, and she liked the "ceat" appearing to a sensitive and light-toned nature.

But Isabel was of a different calibre—and their financial misfortunes had only spurred her on to renewed energy and endeavor.

Major Eccleson, a tall handsome gentleman who had never seen his relations before, was somewhat puzzled by Mrs. Dale's hysterical demonstrations and Isabel's matter-of-fact calmness.

"I don't at all understand them," he thought. "But of course I shall do the best I can to help them. The daughter is pretty little maiden—and after all, her mother was my mother's first cousin. One must look after one's relations, if one can."

Major Eccleson spoke to the Secretary and referred the matter to one of his underlings—and in a week or so Miss Isabel Dale received an official intimation that she was appointed to an office in the Treasury Building, at a salary of six hundred dollars a year.

"Your work will be very simple," Major Eccleson had said to her. "It will consist mostly of copying. Your hand writing is very good and I trust that you will be particularly accurate in every business transaction."

"I will try," said Isabel, simply; but her lips quivered a little, and the round crimson spots came into her cheeks. Why did not Major Eccleson take her had as he did that of her mother. Why did he manifest no active interest in her welfare beyond the cold advice that a statue of ice might have given to her.

"It cannot be possible," said Isabel to herself, suddenly startling, as if from a reverie, "that I am allowing myself to become too deeply interested in his dark eyes and silken Vandike beard? Oh, surely, surely I am not such a sentimental school girl as that! When he was never evinced towards me anything more than the coldest politeness! It is high time that I set myself to office work—and the harder and drier the better—if I am indulging in any such idiotic day dreams as this."

And Isabel cried bitter tears of self-condemnation and anger that night.

While Major Eccleson was scarcely better pleased with himself on self examination.

"A mere doll," he said. "The

spoiled daughter of a shallow and silly mother! Am I to suffer myself to be swayed by the glitter of a pair of blue eyes, the pink and white cheeks of a simpering beauty? Pshaw! I wish I had never seen these Dales."

Mrs. Dale, unaffected by any such conflicting emotions, was in the meanwhile turning over the details of her daughters wardrobe.

"Mamma," pleaded Isabel, my dress is very well."

"That is all nonsense," said Mrs. Dale, sharply. "For an office one must be decent. Do you want the other young ladies—to say nothing of the gentlemen—to think you are an absolute pauper? The bonnet may do with a cluster of ostrich tips, but you must have a tailor-made suit."

"No, mamma," said resolute Isabel. "If I am to have a new suit at all, Mrs. Lovel shall make it. She is moderate in her prices—and, moreover, she needs the money."

"As if that matter one way, or the other said Mrs. Dale loftily, but for once Isabel had her way and the roll of black serge was carried to Mrs. Lovel's simple dressmaking rooms by Isabel herself.

"I am to have a new gown, Mrs. Lovel," said the girl, "and make it quite plain, please. It is for a business suit. I am to be a government clerk."

"But, mamma," remonstrated Isabel, checking herself midway in a mad impromptu waltz that she was executing in the middle of the parlor floor, "it's such fun."

"Fun!" shrilly repeated Mrs. Dale, as she shook out the folds of her black-bordered handkerchief. "Upon my word, Isabel, you exceed everything! Do you consider it fun that we are reduced to a second rate boarding house like this? That I am actually compelled to send my gowns to be dyed, and to make over my own caps? That your poor, dear papa's investments have turned out a failure?"

"Mamma, I never meant that," said Isabel, with a sudden burst of penitence. "And you know I never could be so hard hearted. Only I was so glad that I could have a chance of earning money to help you."

Mrs. Dale sighed deeply, turned her eyes upward toward the ceiling and straightened out the streamers of her widow's cap.

"To think that it should come to this," she sighed; "that a daughter of Falconer Dale should be compelled, like a housemaid, to earn her own living! There must be something wrong, or such a thing could never have happened!"

And with this, Mrs. Dale dissolved into tears. In her superficial character, lay very near the surface, and she liked the "ceat" appearing to a sensitive and light-toned nature.

But Isabel was of a different calibre—and their financial misfortunes had only spurred her on to renewed energy and endeavor.

Major Eccleson, a tall handsome gentleman who had never seen his relations before, was somewhat puzzled by Mrs. Dale's hysterical demonstrations and Isabel's matter-of-fact calmness.

"I don't at all understand them," he thought. "But of course I shall do the best I can to help them. The daughter is pretty little maiden—and after all, her mother was my mother's first cousin. One must look after one's relations, if one can."

Major Eccleson spoke to the Secretary and referred the matter to one of his underlings—and in a week or so Miss Isabel Dale received an official intimation that she was appointed to an office in the Treasury Building, at a salary of six hundred dollars a year.

"Your work will be very simple," Major Eccleson had said to her. "It will consist mostly of copying. Your hand writing is very good and I trust that you will be particularly accurate in every business transaction."

"I will try," said Isabel, simply; but her lips quivered a little, and the round crimson spots came into her cheeks. Why did not Major Eccleson take her had as he did that of her mother. Why did he manifest no active interest in her welfare beyond the cold advice that a statue of ice might have given to her.

"It cannot be possible," said Isabel to herself, suddenly startling, as if from a reverie, "that I am allowing myself to become too deeply interested in his dark eyes and silken Vandike beard? Oh, surely, surely I am not such a sentimental school girl as that! When he was never evinced towards me anything more than the coldest politeness! It is high time that I set myself to office work—and the harder and drier the better—if I am indulging in any such idiotic day dreams as this."

And Isabel cried bitter tears of self-condemnation and anger that night.

While Major Eccleson was scarcely better pleased with himself on self examination.

"A mere doll," he said. "The

my own ease and comfort at the expense of this poor girl."

Eccleson looked at her with darkly glittering eyes.

"Isabel," said he, "you have done right."

"You call me Isabel," she uttered piteously. I am a friendless and alone. The name sounds so sweetly in my ears! I thank you for using it, Major Eccleson."

He smiled gently.

"Isabel, then," he said. "I did not think it was in you to sacrifice yourself thus!"

"You must have misjudged me sadly," she retorted with a sort of proud mournfulness.

"Isabel," he said suddenly, after a moment's silence.

"Yes, Major Eccleson."

"Would you accept another office if I were to lay it at your feet?"

"If I could be quite sure that I would not be crowding out another woman," said Isabel with a faint smile.

"You may be quite sure," he protested. "No other woman has ever reigned there before. No other woman shall ever reign there again. It is the office of queen of my heart and home—the office of my darling wife! Oh, Isabel, do not look upon me so strangely. Have you not suspected all along how dearly I loved you—how I was only restraining the expression of my affection for fear that you were a